

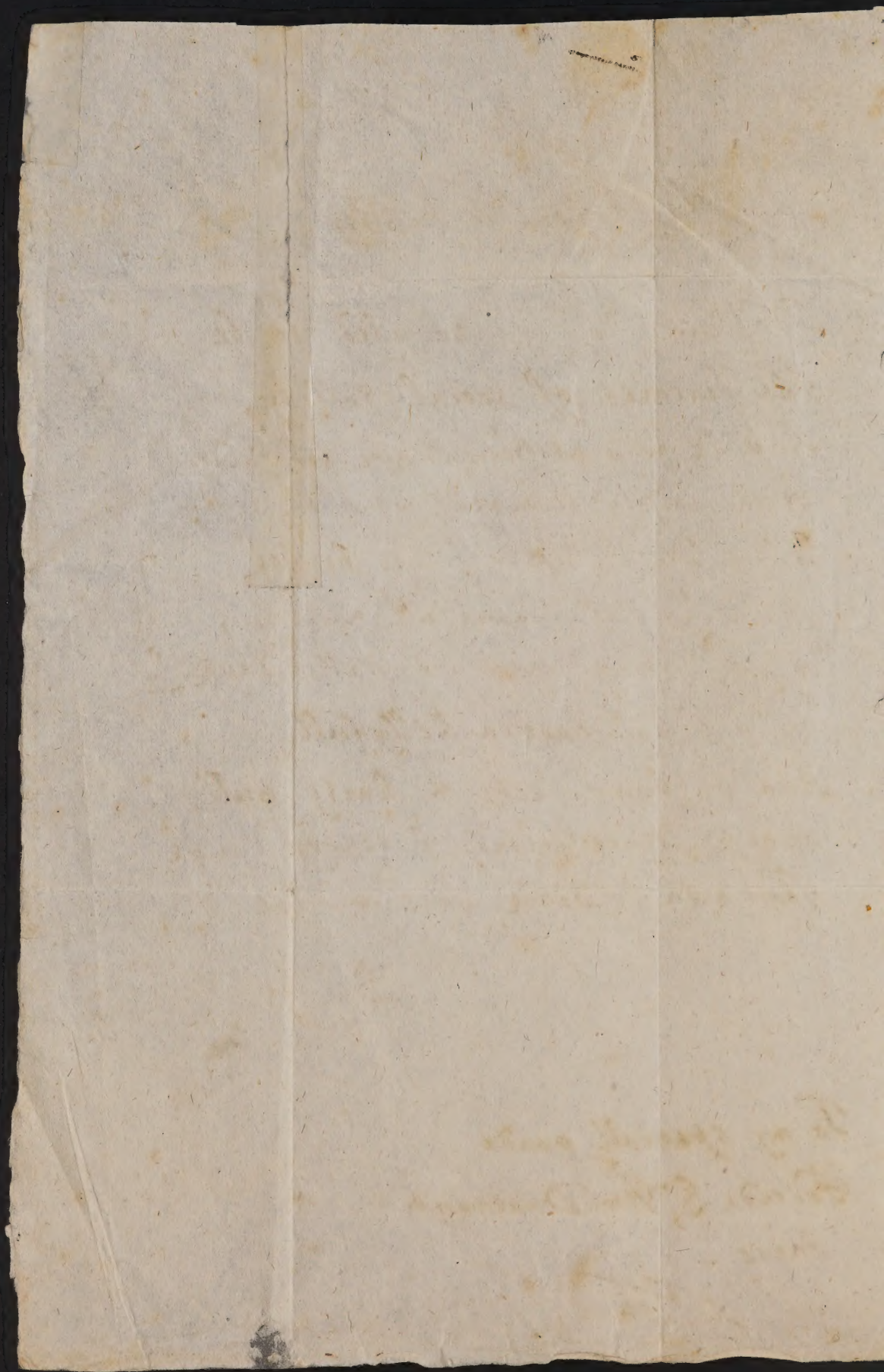
No songe No supper

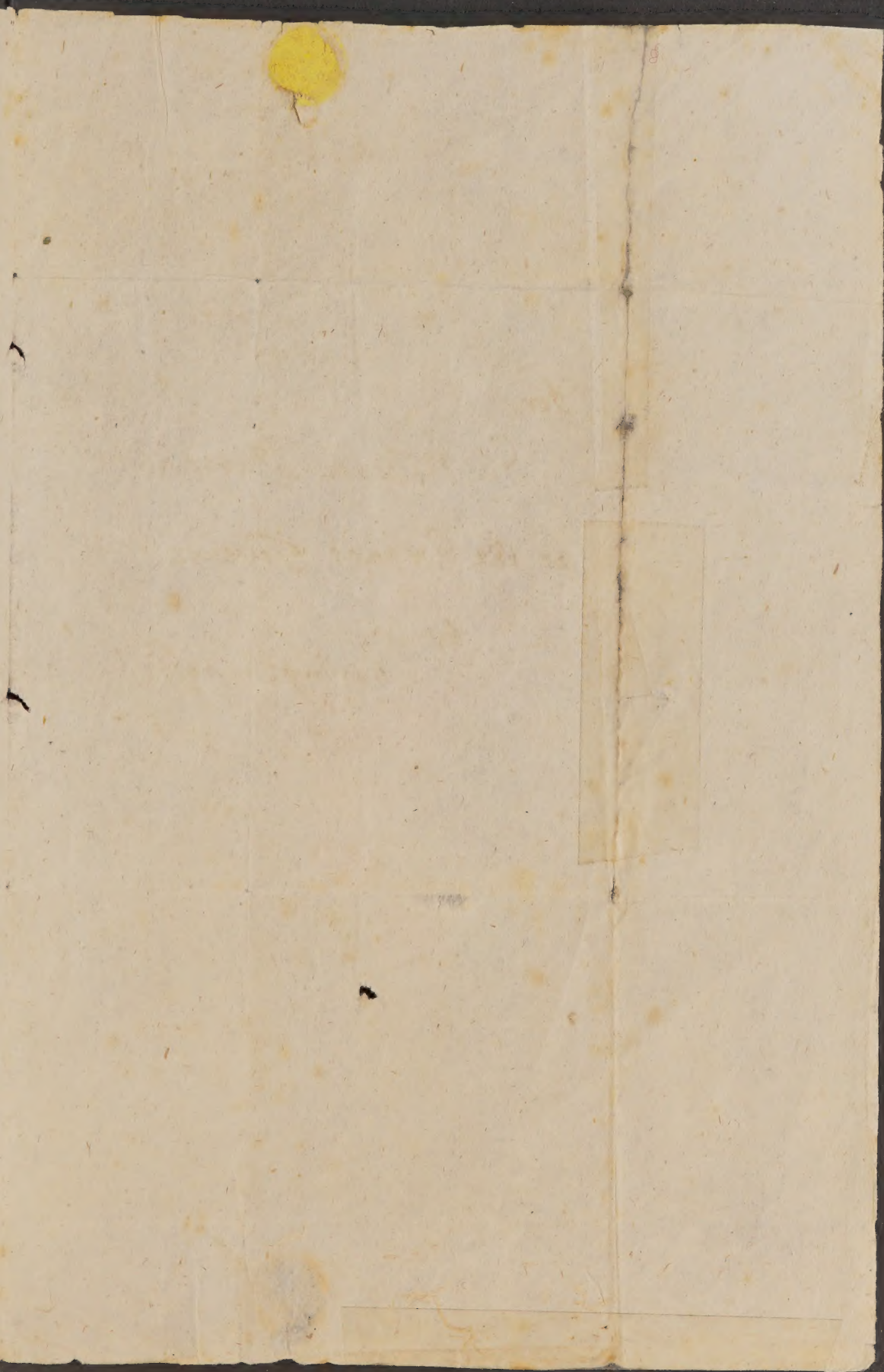
No songe No supper used to be
The tearmes of social Jollity,
And he who neither sung nor saide
With empty stomack went to bed;
Where like y^e lubber fiende he lay,
Chaunting this mournefull roundelay,
"Alack! Woes me! and Well-a-daye!"

That I may have a bellyfull,
And of your sacke a hartly pull,
Accept deare Friends y^e scarry songe
That with y^s Dittie goes alonge..

B. J.

To my speciall goode
Friende Sr Wm Davenant
these -





For

Sir William Davenant

at the Swanne Tavern

by Charinge Croffe

